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WORKING FOR FAME.

It was Kipling who pictured the ideal
state:
"Where no one shall work for money and no one
shall work for the joy of the working."

We doubt very seriously whether any
man ever deliberately set out to do any
work or, indeed, any separate action, just
for the sake of fame. For the bright
eyes of danger, for money, for the smile
of approval from loved ones, for ease—
these motives are tangible, and a man
might well suffer for any of them, but
fame—

"What is the end of fame?" "Is but to fill
a certain portion of uncertain paper."
Some like it to clasp up a bill.
When some, like him, is in a paper.
For this man write, speak, preach, and hence his
And hands turn what they call the "midnight
taper."

To have, when the original is dust,
A name, a worded picture, and worse best.
So wrote Lord Byron in cynical mood,
who, in spite of his vanities and his
frailties, yet did some worthy work in
the world, strove valiantly for a cause he
believed to be just; strove without thinking
of himself at all, and certainly not
at all of fame.

It is difficult to conceive of a man giving
up his life in the hope of fame,
which, after all, is largely a matter of
accidental circumstance—a trick of fortune.
As Montaigne pointed out:

"To what do Caesar and Alexander
owe the infinite grandeur of their renown
but to fortune? How many men has she
exalted in the beginning of their
progress, of whom we have no knowl-
edge, who brought as much courage to
the work as they, if their adverse hap
had not carried them down in the first
salley of their arms? Among so many
and great dangers I do not remember
to have anywhere read that Caesar was
ever wounded; a thousand have fallen in
less dangers than the least of these he
went through. A great many brave ac-
tions must be expected to be performed
without witness or one that comes to
some notice. A man is not always at the
top of a breach or at the head of an
army in sight of his general, as upon
the platform. He is often surprised be-
tween the hedge and the ditch; he must
run the hazard of his life against a he-
roist; he must dislodge four rascally
musketeers out of a barn; he must prick
out singly from his party as necessity
arises and meet adventures alone."

How clearly that sets forth what a
matter of chance this thing of winning
fame is. Robert Louis Stevenson recalled
the story of the four British marines
who were left behind on a desert island
because there was no more room in the
boat and some had to be left that others
might be saved. They were soldiers, they
said, and it was their trade, their busi-
ness, to die; and as their comrades pulled
away, the four marines stood upon the
beach and gave them a parting cheer and
cried, "God save the King!"

It is for that brave and lofty spirit
these soldiers showed that their names
and their story have been handed down
in history and fame; but we may be
quite sure that when these private gaves
their cheer and faced death with equani-
mity, they had mighty little thought
or care that they were writing about
them to-day; nor would it have made
death any less bitter to them had they
realized then that their names were to
be enrolled on the list of the world's
brave.

It is true that certain of our heroes
have declared that they strove for fame.
Nelson at Trafalgar, with his "Give me
victory or Westminster Abbey!" is hardly
so pleading an historical figure as the
man who, on the Nile, cried, while death
was in the very air, "This is warm
work, but, mind you, I would not be
anywhere else for thousands!" No one
can believe that he had fame in his mind
then. He was working "just for the joy
of the working." There was work to be
done at the battle of the Nile, and Nel-
son was there to do it, even as on the
desert island those four marines found
work to their hands—and did it with a
cheer on their lips.

No; the reason things get themselves
done in this world of ours is because men
and women want to do them. No one
could drive a hero to his task—he must
bound toward it, moved by an heroic im-
pulse and a sense of joy. Doubtless
those wretched Greek slaves of old who
were forced to fight chained to the seats
of their galleys fought nobly and well,
and died gallantly—but if any heroes
were developed in the process history
does not record them.

Some men have a taste for literature,
and they write books and win some small
measure of fame; others have a facility
in conjuring with large sums of money
so that it increases to a vast fortune, and
they win some sort of fame thereby. Others
like to paint or carve sculptures, or
make newspapers, but you may be quite
sure that not one of these craftsmen sets
about his work with any thought of
fame in his head or his heart.

It is the work that counts only; whether
that work be fighting or writing or mak-

ing love. The desire and the determina-
tion to do are the only roads to fame,
and always, be it remembered, the work
is more important than the reward; the
struggle forward nobler than the goal!

The editors of the Indianapolis News
and the New York Evening Post must
have been in breathless fear while the
colonel was taking that airship trip.

A Progressive Leader Gone.

Jonathan Prentiss Dolliver, whose death
is chronicled to-day, was a growing fig-
ure in national affairs. Southern born,
he was thoroughly Western in thought,
in temperament, and in ambitions, and
truly representative of the great State
which he served so conspicuously in
House and Senate. Always a stalwart
Republican, his courage was put to su-
preme test when it involved a break
with the party's leadership over the
tariff. His unyielding devotion to prin-
ciple at the cost of cherished affiliations
challenged public admiration, because it
brought out the finest and strongest
qualities of the man.

Progressive Republicanism had no abler
champion. He stood not only for Iowa,
but for the whole vast stretch of country
beyond the Alleghenies, and if the prin-
ciple he advocated prevailed, to him will
be due a large measure of credit for the
victory. The closing year of his public
career revealed him less of a zealous
partisan and stalwart Republican, as this
appellation is commonly understood, but
it revealed the statesmanship of him—a
statesmanship that will have worthy rank
with that of other great Iowans who on
and held high station at Washington.

Senator Dolliver's progressiveness was
not confined to rhetorical appeal and
stirring speech. It was demonstrated
by his acts and votes. His passing means
a real loss to the country.

President Taft says he will give the
railroads a square deal. And among
other things he will not run up any
\$100,000 bills for transportation.

The Conquest of the Air.

The spectacle of an aviator alighting
gracefully and easily from a machine be-
fore one of our public buildings, going to
lunch with his friends, and then as light-
ly and airily resuming his flight pre-
sented to those who saw him a practical
demonstration of the successful solution of
the flight problem that was as striking
as it was mysterious. A short two years
ago the demonstrations at Fort Myer by
the Wright brothers were regarded only
as curiously experimental, and the possi-
bility of practical solution of the prob-
lem of defying the force of gravitation
by the heavier-than-air machine was to
the minds of many, to say the least, prob-
lematical.

At this moment of promising success it
is pleasing to remember the part played
in the dark days of discouraging effort
by the late Prof. Langley. It is a matter
also for civic pride to reflect that those
who have now conquered the calm air
freely acknowledge their indebtedness to
the discoveries and inventions of him to
whom it has been denied to see the realiza-
tion of his dreams. The good-natured
tolerance of his ideas and plans that was
manifested in certain quarters in those
early days of incredulity has been com-
pletely replaced by the honor and respect
that are generally accorded to the mem-
ory of a famous pioneer in the new field.

All the details of construction that the
great problem presents have not as yet
been fully solved; but it is safe to say
that the present day flying appliances
bear as high a ratio of excellence to-
ward the fully developed machine soon
to come as did the old "Puffing Billy" or
the "Rocket" to the model locomotive of
to-day. The great defect of frailty con-
sequent upon the requisite degree of
lightness is as yet a menace to the
safety and durability of the aeroplane,
but that, too, will in time be surmounted
by the same inventive genius and re-
sourcefulness that have carried the ap-
paratus thus far toward successful ac-
complishment.

The many expressions of doubt as to
its ultimate success or its capacity
for application to practical and wide-
spread utility may, perhaps, be better
regarded as only another way of express-
ing wonder and admiration over the skill,
genius, and audacity of man which has
been the marvel of the world since the
days when Prometheus stole the fire of
life from heaven and Daedalus, the fore-
runner of the present day aviator, suf-
fered death at the hands of the gods for
his temerity in attempting to fly over
the Mediterranean Sea on cunningly con-
trived wings.

The wish is often father to the bet.
Wall street is waging odds against the
Roosevelt ticket.

Army Doubts on Desertion.

There appears to be lack of agreement,
as might have been expected under the
circumstances, among military authori-
ties concerning the most effective meth-
ods to pursue in regard to desertion and
as a punishment of deserters. This ques-
tion continues to be a vexatious prob-
lem, and the statistics of one year, exhib-
iting a satisfactory reduction in the per-
centage of this irregular separation from
military service and violation of the en-
listment obligation, are too frequently
offset by a return the next year to the
increased percentage of previous times.
It might be supposed that the present
policy of pursuing the deserter and mak-
ing every effort to apprehend him, and
then severely punishing him when he is
forcibly returned, would prove a discour-
agement to desertion. Perhaps the rec-
ords of this year will show that the
method has been productive of the de-
sired result. Certainly, there can be no
criticism of military administration
which aims to make, in the case of the
deserter, the punishment fit the crime.
This is not necessary so much on ac-
count of the individual culprit as for its
beneficial influence upon those who are
likely to disregard complacently the ob-
ligation to complete the term of enlist-
ment unless formally discharged or un-
less a discharge is acquired by purchase.

In the annual report which was sub-
mitted by Brig. Gen. A. L. Mills,
U. S. A., in command of the Department
of the Gulf, that officer shows an ap-
preciable reduction in the number of de-
sertions this year as compared with the
previous year. Gen. Mills attributes this

reduction "almost entirely to the vigor-
ous measures that have been instituted
by the War Department, under which
many more apprehensions have occurred
and punishment has been more certainly
awarded soldiers found guilty of this
crime, which no impartial investigator
can justify on the score that any exist-
ing conditions in our military service are
unduly severe or intolerable. . . .
Soldiers, if convinced that the chances
are that they will be apprehended
should they desert, and that certain pun-
ishment will follow conviction of the
crime, will be much less likely than has
been the case in the past lightly to take
this step."

If this means anything, it means that
the deserter who is not willing to return
without apprehension should receive the
severest penalty it is possible, under
law and regulations, to impose. With
this aspect of the case, and the results
so manifest, it is surprising to find the
Judge Advocate General of the army de-
picting the tendency of military courts
to impose dishonorable discharge in
nearly all cases of desertion, regardless
of any mitigating circumstances. Re-
cently an Executive order has been is-
sued prescribing a limit of three years
with dishonorable discharge and forfeit-
ure of pay and allowance for all cases
of desertion, but it now appears that it
was not intended to deprive the courts
of the discretion to decide according
to the circumstances of each case—the
length of the soldier's absence, whether
he surrendered himself or was appre-
hended, whether he was a recruit or an
old soldier, &c.—as to what the proper
punishment should be.

It is unaccountable that a court, sit-
ting in judgment upon a deserter, find-
ing it impossible to take into consideration
whatever mitigating circumstances may
be presented by the accused soldier. Of
course, in deserving cases a court ought
to be able to be merciful and impose a
sentence as a corrective punishment,
and give the soldier an opportunity to
redeem himself. At the same time, it
would appear that these two comments
upon the military policy toward desertion
and deserters furnish an example of
the uncertainty of the service—view on
that subject.

An Indiana girl recently refused to
marry a rich foreign nobleman in order
to wed a struggling newspaper man. That
is what makes Indiana's literary atmos-
phere so realistic.

Well, there was at least one man,
Hoxsey, the aviator, who dared to tell the
colonel to keep quiet and quit waving
his hands at the crowd.

The season approaches for those fool
straw votes again.

And now Caruso is defendant in a
\$50,000 breach of promise suit. Nearer
and nearer comes the grand opera season.

The Atlanta Constitution says: "The
colonel must speak." Must! You could
not keep him from it.

Walter Wellman is really off at last.
Bon voyage! And we take it all back.

Philadelphia baseball magnates had to
return \$70,000 sent in for tickets for the
world's championship series because of
lack of room. And they do hate to give
anything back in Philadelphia.

A Boston pastor says that a girl who
does not care about dress and finery is
not a normal girl. There are precious
few abnormal ones.

President Praga, of Portugal, is not
only a poet, but he wants the women to
vote. Evidently he intends to be a popu-
lar ruler.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A HEAD-LINER.

Portugal's unlucky king
Lost his throne
And is now upon the wing
All alone.

Kings have but a narrow field
When they lose,
But he needn't really yield
To the blues.

A career he may begin,
Triumph still;
He would make a winner in
Vaudeville.

Breaking the Ice.

"Is there really anything in palmistry?"
"You bet. It furnishes a fine excuse for
holding hands."

More Than Devotion.

"Why are you pawing your dress
suit?"
"My wife wants to take a little trip."
"There's devotion for you."
"Well, the more money I can give her
the longer she can stay."

An Envious Author.

He's very willing to decay
That five-for-the-shelf.
It holds no volumes written by
Himself.

An Endless Job.

"I'll bet I could make a fairly godmother
busy."
"As to how?"
"I'd have her look after my touring
car."

Quiet Enjoyment.

"The plain citizens of Plunkville are
sorter chuckling among themselves."
"How now?"
"Seems the Uplift Society has had a
split."

No Names.

"I was deeply disappointed in this arti-
cle about venomous creatures."
"Why so?"
"It is only about tarantulas and cobras.
I thought maybe it would mention some
I know."

Dropping Passenger Coaches.

The ingenious means by which one of
the great railroad systems of England
drops passenger coaches off at interme-
diate stations without slowing up the lo-
comotive, even for a fraction of a second,
in its speed of sixty or more miles an
hour, is called the "slip-coach" system.
It is a system never tried in America,
and consists in dropping, or "slipping,"
one or more of the rear coaches just
before the station is reached. Undoubtedly
many American tourists traveling in
England, after alighting at their destina-
tion, have been amazed to discover that
the coach which they occupied was
the remainder of the train where
nowhere to be seen.

POLITICAL COMMENT.

Labor and the Tariff.

From the St. Paul Dispatch.
It is not every man in the open field
of politics who will exhibit the courage
to offer to tear away from the tariff
the political cobwebs which envelop it.
Col. Roosevelt proposes to find out, dis-
tinctly and definitely, who and what a
protective tariff protects.

There is no use deceiving ourselves.
We may as well know the truth. Time
was when the tariff was to protect
against high-priced labor in a new coun-
try. Then it was to protect "infant in-
dustries" and develop the manufacturing
resources of the nation by means of a
wall keeping out the low-price competi-
tion of the old world. Then it was "to
throw about the American workman the
broad shield of American law." In the
language of the spellbinder. All of these
arguments may have been sound. They
may have been right at the time and
may not now be without force. But if
we can ascertain and fortify ourselves,
why not do so?

Col. Roosevelt suggests such an in-
quiry. He suggests precisely when,
where, and how the workman derives
from the tariff the special benefit of
which so much has been said, and it
seems a good suggestion.

Talking Himself to Death.

From the Houston Post.
The colonel fairly slobbers over the
Democratic party in States that are Demo-
cratic, but States that are Republican
can not be so corrupt in their State gov-
ernments but that he will raise his voice
for the Republican party.

He is always careful to chime in with
what he deems to be the political senti-
ment of a State he visits, because in that
way he is assured of the adulation of
press and people. He is Democratic in
Democratic States, insurgent in insur-
gent States, standpatter in standpatter
States, and under the skin as crafty,
unscrupulous, Republican politician at
all times as this country ever produced.

He is apparently not able to see it yet,
but the people are beginning to under-
stand him—even the Republicans, and
there are any number of us who will live
long enough to enjoy the satisfaction of
reading upon his political monument the
apocryphal inscription, "Talked himself to
death."

Mr. Boutwell's Philosophy.

From the New York Times.
When Congressman Henry Sherman
Boutwell was brought face to face with
the fact that he would have to fight the
Republican organization in the Ninth dis-
trict to obtain a renomination for Con-
gress, he accepted the situation and
dropped into a little curbstone philosophy.
"Politics is a good deal like prize fight-
ing," said the Congressman. "A man who
cannot go into it, shake hands with his
adversary, receive a body punch, and
come back smiling, would better keep out."
The Congressman at that time undoubt-
edly expected to be the man who deliv-
ered the punch, but the vote showed he
was the punchee, and while he did not
come back at once smiling, he is doing so
now, and continuing the prize ring smile,
he probably in time will ask his success-
ful adversary to give him another bout.

Will Not Be Tammanyized.

From the Springfield Union.
When the notorious "Bill" Tweed was
at the head of Tammany, and with his
gang was fattening on the plunder torn
from New York City, he conceived the
plan of widening his field of operations
by reaching out and securing control of
the State organization. His downfall oc-
curred before he could accomplish this
object. His successor, John Kelly, was
brought in with a like ambition, but failed.
Then came Croker, most despotic of the
Tammany chiefs, who, although he suc-
ceeded in gaining control of the Demo-
cratic State machine, was unable to carry
out his plan of conquest of the State.
Murphy, the present chief, is trying to
accomplish what Tweed, Kelly, and
Croker failed in, and history will repeat
itself. New York State is not ready to
be Tammanyized, and Murphy will find
it out to his sorrow.

Tammany in Congress.

From the New York Tribune.
What Tammany control means to this
city is demonstrated afresh in the nomi-
nations for Congress dictated by Mur-
phy. His only conception of the use of
a seat in the House of Representatives
is so to dispose of it as to satisfy some
claim on the Tammany organization. He
does not want to send to Washington
men who might become conspicuous
there by defending or promoting the city's
interests, for such men might eventually
be able to make themselves independent
strong in their own constituencies. He
prefers to keep the Tammany delegation
at Washington obscure and dependent,
executing his orders and pliant to his
wishes.

THE LOST CHILD.

I member when they cut my curls not very long ago,
Because they looked just like a girl's and I'm a
boy, but I know I was a girl, and I'm a boy,
I used to wear 'em awful long, and once my pa, he
said,
It's time I had my curls cut off and were short hair
instead;
Because I'm big enough for that; and then they
took the scissors
And snipped my curls off one by one right close to
my ears.
But every time a curl came off, my mother, she just
hid.
Her face a little bit and cried, I wonder why she
did?
And after 'while she picked one up and held it in
her hand
With something shining in her eyes I didn't under-
stand.
She patted it as if it was a little boy or girl,
And said fond of it when it was nothing but a
curl.
And after 'while they're all cut off and down there
on the floor;
And I looked much more like a boy than I had been
before;
But there was something in her eyes she tried and
tried and tried
To brush away, but still it came. I wonder why she
cried?

And after 'while I'm all trimmed off, and then my
pa, he said,
I'm not a boy any more, but I'm a boy instead,
He was a awful proud of me; and then my ma, she
smiled
And she found a boy that day and lost a little
child;
So I said I would hunt for him and bring him back,
But she said she was afraid that he would not come
back again;
And I looked much more like a boy than I had been
before;
But there was something in her eyes she tried and
tried and tried
To brush away, but still it came. I wonder why she
cried?

Home Made.

From Puck.
Mildred—Papa, I am going to make
mamma one of those \$3 center-pieces that
the Woman's Home Journal says can be
made at home for 75 cents.
Papa (remembering past years)—Certainly,
dear! Here's \$10. That ought to be
enough to cover the expense.

In the Family.

From the Youngtown Telegram.
Father—Those blood-and-thunder dime
novels seem to be passing.
Mother—Yes, from Jimmie to Jack.

NAPOLEON'S PIETY
IN HIS YOUTH

Has the reader ever heard of Auxonne?
No? Well, no wonder! And yet in that
old-time border town of Burgundy, on
the eastern bank of the Upper Saone,
with its centuries old walls, young Na-
poleon Bonaparte passed his formative
years, from 1788 to 1792, and here it was
that the "sous-lieutenant" of the ar-
tillery regiment La Fere practically ma-
tured his astonishing genius amidst rig-
orous studies and worse privations, which
in themselves are proof of true heroism.
A slim bit of a statue stands on the
public square of the ancient burg in
commemoration of the time which the
future maker of empires spent there. I
wondered as I walked the lone
streets of the quiet town, which were trod
by the great conqueror day after day for
years, whether his commanders, Baron
du Teil, later field marshal of the ar-
mies of "His most Christian Majesty,"
Louis XVI, ever suspected what genius
there was developing right under his
nose, so to say?

The Bastille, in those days, had not
yet been attacked; the assembly had not
met; Louis XVI still was king and Bonaparte
was a royal artillery officer at
Auxonne. Matters rapidly though were
changing themselves, although the cata-
strophe was not yet at hand.
The young soldier was a model in his
profession, eager for improvement, a good
officer, a good comrade, a good friend,
modest in his intercourse with some local
families of respectability and position,
and genuinely pious, a rare thing
indeed in those days among army officers.
In later years, when, crowned with
laurels, the maker of the Concordat re-
stored public worship in France after the
atheism of the revolution, he may have
remembered how at Auxonne, quite by
himself, he used to go every afternoon
to say his prayers before the statue of
Our Lady in the little chapel of the Ur-
sulines, and when the good nuns, charmed
at his devout bearing, would send a
bouquet of ranunculus and anemone,
his favorite flowers, to the boy lieuten-
ant with the large eyes and the pale,
ascetic countenance.

He had good reason to look like an
ascetic. He had nothing but his poor
pay, and to make this somehow Bonaparte
used only to eat once a day, for he
had to send once in a while also an oc-
casional few livres to the starving little
brothers and sisters in the Corsican
home.

I have read somewhere that it was
Napoleon's early piety which brought
upon him, as upon the founder of the
reigning Austrian house, the blessing
which prospered his genius. Count Ru-
dolf of Hapsburg, according to a legend,
gave his horse to a poor priest hastening
through the Tyrolean mountains to the
sick bed of a dying believer, and who
was unable to swim the angry, swollen
Alpine stream, the count walking him-
self to let the priest ride his charger.

Napoleon did more. A time soon was
to come when the little chapel of the
Ursulines at Auxonne was to be made a
drinking room, and the statue of the Vir-
gin, before which Napoleon had prayed,
was decked out as an image of the God-
dess of Reason. Even in those anti-Chris-
tian days the young artilleryman showed
his fidelity and his iron character and
temper. In his poor barrack chamber he
took from the "suppressed" chaplain of
the regiment the precious deposits of the
altar furnishings and hid them many
months.

He was not timid about it, either, for
when found out he replied: "Yes, just
so; and if you want to hear mass I can
say it for you by heart." How little
the "gentlemen" sansculottes of the bar-
ricades at Paris suspected that away off
in a frontier garrison that clever young
Corsican already was nourishing senti-
ments that forebode anything but per-
manence for their vaunted "ende of su-
perstition" period.

And how little the aristocrats at Ver-
sailles and the Tuilleries dreamed that
they had among their soldiers a man,
rather a young god of war, who only
lacked opportunity to finish the revolt
against church and king by the whirl of
rapesheet that later finished the "terror."
Indeed, young Napoleon did get one little
chance to show his short way with revo-
lutions. Sent in command of a detach-
ment to the little town of Saur in May,
1793, to put down a revolutionary out-
break, he lined up his few men in the
roaring little square filled with a furious
 populace, but mainly with sansculottes,
commanded his men to take aim, and
then shouted to the bawling mob: "I
have orders to shoot all 'em alive! I beg
'em to stop to stand clear the 'terror!"

The "honest" people stood clear. There
was no shooting. And in a few minutes
the square was empty.

Just off the Champs Elysees in Paris
there is a small, exclusive looking shop,
with the modest sign over its door: "Pal-
ace for cats and dogs." And in the win-
dow of the little shop there are exhibited
all sorts of beautiful things for cats and
dogs of aristocratic birth. Occupying the
place of honor is a small, carved, pink
satin work. This is bound with pink
satin ribbon and ornamented by a gilt
rose in the center of the hood, so that
when the pussy or puppy wags the first
thing he or she sees is this beautiful flow-
er. It is to be hoped that this may have
an elevating effect.

Inside the cradle she placed a feather-
bed and pillow, with sheets and pillow-
case of blue lawn and a dainty elderdown
coverlet in blue and pink is there also
to cover the much petted creature. Then
as to clothes, there are plain morning
coats lined with fur for the cold weath-
er, matinee jackets of silk, bordered with
swansdown, for wear in the house, and
the "finest," so to speak, low necked
garments, one supposes, for evening
wear or to attend social functions.

The collars of these aristocratic pets
do not in the least resemble the common
leather collar. In this rarefied atmos-
phere such a vulgar thing would be shud-
dered at, to say the least. No! The col-
lars are of gold, flexible, so that there is
not the slightest pressure when worn,
and they are all set with precious stones.
There are even "anklets," a new word
coined by Parisian goldsmiths, out of
brackets by sheer necessity to know
what to offer their aristocratic custom-
ers.

But, best of all, from a canine point
of view, is the notice: "New cakes for
little dogs." The impartial observer is
struck by the apparent injustice done
the little cats by a sign.

A veritable palace, indeed, but how
about those little children, starving per-
haps, just around the corner from this
travesty upon humanity? FLAHER.
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Has It Decided?